JANE GREY AND WILLIAM DESMOND, THE TWO TRIANGLE-INC STARS IN "WAIFS"

This is one of the best things Ince has done this year. It's a big story told in a big way. A vital, throbbing, gripping tale with a strong moral. At the Majestic today and Monday.

Belle Isle company in "Just for Fun," opening at the Broadway Thursday.

AN ELOQUENT PLEA FOR THE "MOVIES"

"Be Patient," Urges Well-Known Magazine, "the Industry Is Young."

Under the caption "Patience" the June issue of Photoplay Magazine makes an eloquent plea in behalf of the motion pictures. It says:

Active photography, as a mirror of intelligence and an expressor of the deeper emotions, is little more than two years old, yet there are some people who criticise its adolescent faults as if it were aged as literature.

How about it?

First of all, it has served to lighten the lives of untold toiling millions in this, the tensest age of history. Apart from any other ministry or malministry, it has been the incomparable kind servant.

Before those who cannot travel it has made the rest of the world move in its accustomed way.

It has returned to the stage a lost art: pantomime.

It has put red blood into a drama which was becoming waxen with its back-parlor problems and dress-suit sensations.

Its great work as an educator is under way.

It is the most valorous foe of intemperance.

It is a mighty salesman.

It has done more for the native story than the stage ever did.

It has created at least two epic plays.

It has borne a great tribe of the ruddiest, healthiest, huskiest players since the days of the strollers who traveled in vans from shire to shire.

And it is only two years old!

At two, Napoleon could have been crushed by the frailest drummer boy; Demosthenes must have gurgled incoherently, and certainly Samson was performing no dental operations on lions.

Thinking men and women have barely awakened to the varied potencies of the sun-painting that lives.

Patience, people—patience!

"Three Old Soldiers" in war time melodies. Today and first half of week at Broadway.

Read World Want Ads for Real Estate Bargains.

SUNDAY World's Department for the Oklahoma Amateur Poets

(Edited by The Man About Town)

As stated in Friday's World, the headliner this week is a poem entitled "The Woman Like Me." The problem is put up straight to the Man About Town to answer—and he refuses the responsibility, not from cowardice, but because words more wonderful than he can pen have already answered it.

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."—Isaiah.

"Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more.'—Jesus Christ.

It is no strange coincidence, but the Man About Town article on today's editorial page, already in the hands of the printer when the poem arrived, bears upon the same subject. Why cannot all who profess the name of Jesus Christ free themselves from the cruel and hypocritical judgment which forever condemns women who at some time have for a moment faltered?

"The Woman Like Me."

Dear Man About Town: As I sit here to night
Retrospecting alone in the dim candle light
I wanted to write you—although I'm a woman—
To tell you my story, because you seem human;
To ask you to tell me the truth as you see,
If there's hope in this world for a woman like me?

I believe you will do so, if but for the sake
Of consoling a heart, filled already to break;
If of wisdom and kindness too much do I ask,
Remember the import that lies in the task—
The soul of a woman—your mother was one.
A grand one, no doubt, to beget such a son—
That souls can seek out in their grief and despair,
To know if there's surcease from these anywhere.

My story is old as "The Tales From the Hills,"
Where love enters in with its rapture and thrills,
And awakens the passions of one who would be
As pure as Madonna in her chastity.
My eyes held this beautiful vision of love,
As holy, it seemed, as the moonbeams above,
As tender as that of a mother could be
For the innocent offspring she holds on her knee;
As true as the stars, by the deep twilight given
To guard the fair jewels in the blue crown of heaven.

It held me in thralls that can't be bound,
And far sweeter than any in print found;
Uprooting the heart of its deep bitter
And making an Eden of life's wilderness.

My heart was so lonely, so chill and so bare—
Disappointment and sorrow alone did I share;
My arms felt so empty when often I pressed
Them together in agony, close to my breast,
That the God of sleep ne'er would come to my call,
Till the sunbeams of morning were flashed on the wall.

For the sin since committed I bow down in shame
And beg that the blot may be cast from my name.
The darkest of shadows that cling to my life,
Is knowing I never was really his wife.
Oh, if once more the light of the dawn I could see
And know there is hope for a woman like me!

Think deep of my sorrows and ponder them well,
And tell me—should living and death both be hell?
Should a woman be tortured or burned at the stake
Because in a lifetime she made one mistake!
Must she lose the fight for her honor and be
Forever an outcast—the woman like me?

Our good friend, D. B. Hamilton, submits the following. Every Christian should read the poem carefully, because Mr. Hamilton has certainly made a discovery and shows up the cross of compulsion in a new light. Suggested by Sunday school lesson Easter Sunday: "And they did compel one Simon, a Cyrenian, who passed by, coming out of the country, the father of Alexander and Rufus, to bear his cross."—Mark 15:21.

The Story of Simon, the Cyrenian.

In the midst of the roadway I met them,
He bearing the weight of the cross,
Bending and strumbling beneath it;
For strength he was all at a loss.

They say they compelled me to bear it—
No doubt they may think they are right—
They lifted the cross to my shoulders
Before I could credit my sight.

I saw him when feeding the thousands
On loaves and the fishes so few;
I heard him while telling the stories
So precious to me and to you.

I saw him while healing the blinded,
The crippled, the halt and the lame;
I saw him raise dead to the living—
I loved and I worshipped his name.

And when in the land everlasting,
Where Jesus, the blessed, is there,
I'll meet you and have him tell you
His cross I did willingly bear.

—D. B. HAMILTON.

Some time ago Joe Lantry brought to The World office two poems taken from the Notre Dame Scholastic, with the request that they be published in this column, thinking that they would be of interest to the many friends of the school now living in Tulsa. One of these follows and the other will be used later on:

The Rhyme of the Ancient Ford Joke.

He lay upon his deathbed
His will lay at his side,
His children knelt about him, ah!
And bitterly they cried.

They sniffed and sobbed and slobbered
Until the bed was soaked,
Then all at once the old man sneezed,
And hollered, "ooh" and croaked,

He'd hardly knicked the bucket
Than all the tears stopped still
And up the children jumped in glee
To read the old man's will.

My son, you're willed my razor,
My wife shall have the cat,
To Bill I leave the old 'larm clock
And all such things as that.

To mother-in-law the parrot,
The landlord gets the rent,
And to myself I will the Ford
That never yet was lent.

Ah, yes, that trusty lizzy
Sweet Buss! for which I crave,
I want it when I'm buried—
I want it at my grave.

For though it may look sickly
With all its brass and tin,
It's pulled me out of every hole
I ever landed in.

—B. J. A.

That the verses of Jim Pilkington made a profound impression in spite of some errors in the first two stanzas is evidenced by the following generous appreciation by our friend "Mere Anon." Letters have come from other states, indicating the same sentiment:

Once I imagined that I could write;
I scribbled day and I scribbled night,
Up in the morning before it was light,
Scribbling on everything in sight.

I wrote about things I had never seen—
Wrote about places I never had been,
And every thought that I could glean
I put into verses and sent it in.

Some was accepted, some came back,
So I kept right on the "beaten track,"
Thinking always to "toe the crack,"
But now I know I am only a jack.

I did put over some fair stuff,
Considering my way and style was rough,
And I'll tell you, friends, it sure is tough,
But right here's where I "holler" enough.

Since big Jim Pilkington "hit the trail!"
And the critic man "put a crimp in my tail!"
No attempt to write means but to fail,
So all I can do is to weep and wail.

[illegible] it from me, Jim, you're some poet,
[illegible] joke is on me—I am the goat;
[illegible] fact, of course you know it:
[illegible] verses and mine together show it.

[illegible] got good sense and you've got the
[illegible] ass,
So [illegible] style is too good to let that pass;
[illegible] and it to you without any "gas"—
You [illegible] like the flowers—I'll "go to grass."

Who could not guess the answer to the following lines, even if the writer had not been kind enough to give it? Come again Q. L. C., whoever you are:

What?

I hear it at the picture shows,
I hear it on the street;
I hear it at my rooming house,
I hear it where I eat.

Oh, no! 'Tis not the German note,
Or even Mexico,
Or who will get the Bull Moose vote
I hear where'er I go.

But that which makes me wonder,
Do they ever cease,
These Tulsa men, from talking
That all (oil) absorbing lease?

Effie D. Warren of Oilton, who has appeared in this column before, sends in something else too good to turn down. It has just a touch of feeling in it which gives any writing added interest.

What's the Good o' Larnin'?

I reckon it's all right, ol' wife—I reckon it's all right;
We've got the farm and we kin live, I thank the Lord tonight.
But, wife, it does seem kinder hard, that he can turn us down,
Who've had the hardest kind of toil that he might live in town.

I 'low he hates to have me stop in front o' his fine house,
Fer when I rung the bell terday 'twas still as any mouse;
But when I turned and driv away, I thort I'd jest look back,
And seed the winder curtain open, jes' a little crack.

Cain't see no good in larnin', though I only wisht I could;
But then I can't see much eshow—my sight ain't none too good;
But when I holler "hey there, Joe," he'll mostly allers frown,
And I cain't help but understand; he aims to turn me down.

Oh, what's the good o' larnin' when it turns the ol' folks down?
This ol' farm's a heap better'n any stuck up place in town;
But still it's mighty hard, yer know—our only boy—our Joe,
These latter days has 'lowed that he must turn the ol' folks down.

The limerick contest has not attracted so far the interest expected. Probably many of the contestants are waiting to see how others will write. We submit three today, without using the names of the authors, just to stimulate other writers. We wish that a hundred limericks might reach us this week to be turned over to the judges. Remember, a year's free subscription to The Tulsa World is not to be sneezed at, particularly as long as the Sunday poets column continues.

Hint to Wives.

His wife was always akickin'—
He got an occasional lickin'—
So he took on a pout,
Went lookin' about,
And found him a nice, pretty chicken.

Whack! Blam! Blouie!

An editor sat in his den,
Conversin' with different men,
When in came a poet,
And I'd have you know it,
He never went in there again.

Help! Preacher!

I hear of the land of the blessed,
Where sinners may go to find rest;
O, tell me the story
Of Christ and his glory—
By sin I am sorely oppressed.

The Wherefore.

"Why do you call that fellow Nero?
He has a very kind heart."
"He's a rotten violinist."

A Sick Man.

Two business men once found it necessary to visit Liverpool. Relating the events of the trip afterward, one of them remarked:

"Talk about seasickness! Had I known that Casey was afflicted that way, we never should have gone abroad. The very first hour out Casey collapsed and refused to brace up again. I tried all sorts of remedies on him, but without avail. All he would mutter was:

"'Oh, I'm so ill!'

"Finally, I cried out:

"'Can't you keep anything on your stomach man?'

"'Only my hands, George,' he groaned; 'only my hands.'"—Exchange.

HOW PROPERTY MAN BECAME AN ACTOR

Honus Smith Spent 25 Years Learning Biz; Jumped to Stage in No Time.

Honus Smith of the Essanay studios spent 25 years becoming one of the best theater property men in Chicago—or anywhere for that matter. He spent just 25 minutes becoming a finished moving picture character actor. Director Haydon found himself "shy" a man to fill the important role of Property Man in "The Strange Case of Mary Page"—a property man in a road company who is given the leading part when the star jumps his contract and ditches the act.

He remembered to recollect that Honus Smith's grandfather and great-grandfather were actors of note, and without warning he ordered Smith, property man, to become Smith, Property Man. It was the first time in his life that Smith had attempted to act. But he got away with it so well that in the eighth episode of the play he shared honors with Henry B. Walthall and Edna Mayo. Now he's drawing a "regular" salary. Such things happen—once in awhile.

Easy Game.

"That dog of yours seems fond of chasing trains."

"Yes."

"I wonder why."

"Well, he isn't much of a fighter. Trains are about the only thing he gets a chance to chase."